

WEEKLY GRAPHIC.

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KIRKSVILLE, MISSOURI FRIDAY SEPTEMBER 9, 1892

VOL. XIII, NO. 22

J. W. MARTIN,
Physician and Surgeon

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A. P. WILLARD,
PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON

Continues to practice in all branches of the profession. Special attention given to chronic diseases. Office up stairs in brick block north side square. Hours from 9 to 12 a. m. and 2 to 5 p. m.

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KIRKSVILLE, MO

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He treats chronic or long standing disease successfully, especially diseases of the lungs, throat, stomach, heart, liver, kidneys, etc. Nervous affections and all diseases arising from impure blood. Office two doors east of Ellis's dry goods store.

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All business entrusted to my care will receive prompt attention. OFFICE—Over J. Fowler's Drugstore, West side.

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INSURANCE

—AND—

LAND AGENT

South Side of the Square, Kirksville, Mo., The oldest and most reliable Agency in the city. Established 1822.

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OFFICE—Over Brown's Harness Shop.

Pensions, Bounties and all other claims against the government, prosecuted with promptness; also notary public. Pensioners when having vouchers filled must bring certificates.

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Dealer in all kinds of

Musical Instruments

Store at residence, No. 115 Franklin street, second door east of Evans' Grocery. Fine pianos and organs in stock. Call and examine.

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FINE DWELLINGS A SPECIALTY.

Plans furnished without extra charge.

PENSIONS.

THE DISABILITY BILL IS A LAW.

Soldiers Disabled Since the War Are Entitled.

Dependent widows and parents now dependent whose sons died from the effects of army service are included. If you wish your claim speedily and successfully presented, address

JAMES TANNER,

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Is thoroughly prepared to do all professional work in the most masterly and durable manner and warrants complete and comfortable fits in all cases. Prices reasonable on gold, silver and aluminum plates. No pain in extracting by aid of vitalized air. Endorsed by both the dental and medical professions as safe and harmless for adults and children.

"STILL IN THE PUS."

HURRAH FOR

JOHN ROBERTS,

Boot and Shoemaker

Who is now located the third door east of the northeast corner of the square. He has now a full stock of shoes on hand and proposes to give his customers the benefit of some very low prices. Furthermore he wishes his patrons and others to know that he will take measure and make them, by hand, a pair of first class calf shoes for \$3.50. All work is guaranteed by him to be first class. Call in and see him. He will please you. All repair work very low and promptly done.

DARK DAYS.

BY HUGH CONWAY.

Author of "Called Back."

CHAPTER XII.

The sound of my mother's pleasant voice calling to Philippa at last awoke me from my stupor. They were coming. I could not face them. I doubled up the newspaper, thrust it into my pocket, and rushed out into the street. As yet I had not dared to imagine what this intelligence might mean to us. I must have long hours of solitude, in order to decide what course should be adopted to face this, the last, the worst peril.

I passed swiftly through the iron gate. I went up the narrow street at a pace which must have made all who saw me think me mad. Whither did I go? I scarcely remember. I think it must have been to one of the public gardens; but in that hour all sense of locality left me. I went instinctively in search of solitude. I found, I know not how or where, some shady deserted spot. There in the anguish of my heart, amid the wreck of my sand founded happiness, I threw myself on the ground, and dug my finger-nails into the dry soil.

At first I thought I was going or had gone mad. The thoughts which rushed through my mind were disjointed, and wanted coherence. An innocent man accused of the crime! To be tried on the 20th! and now it is the sixteenth! Fresh evidence forthcoming! The fools—the utter fools! This boasted detective skill! To arrest on suspicion, to bring to trial a man who must be ignorant of everything connected with the murder! What is to be done? What can be done? Oh, my wife, my poor darling wife!

Then, I believe, I cried like a child. It seemed to me that all was lost. There was but one thing to be done—one course to be taken. My darling must give herself up to justice, and by her confession free this luckless wretch who now stands in peril of his life. She must bear the shame of the trial, and trust to human justice and the mercy which she had a right to expect. Oh, it was pitiful, pitiful! For a long while no alternative course suggested itself to me.

Human justice! What is justice? Try how it can err! It can arrest, try, and—oh, horrible thought!—perhaps condemn to death an innocent man! How then would it fare with Philippa? Who, now that marriage has sealed my life, was there to prove her madness when she slew that man? I raged at the thought. It seemed to me that we were hard and fast in the toils. I might, it is true call Williams, my servant, to swear that her manner was strange and wild upon that night. I might call the nurse to prove that when first they saw her she was recovering from an attack of mania. But would they be credited? Would not a clever lawyer soon convince twelve ordinary men that it was not her madness which prompted the crime, but the crime which produced the madness? We were indeed meshed and bound; hemmed in on every side; helpless and, it seemed, hopeless!

And Philippa must be told this! I must tell her! How could I nerve myself to make the truth known to her—now, of all times, when her health was all but restored; when a kind of sad but placid acquiescence in what fate had wrought seemed to be gradually coming over her; now, when I was once more building up hopes of happiness for her as well as for me! For I knew—ah! think of this, and pity me—that before another half year should pass there might be given to my wife and me a gift which would go far toward sweeping away the memories of gloom and horror which had of late spread over our lives. I even

dared to hope, to feel certain, that as she gazed into baby eyes, as she pressed a tiny head to her bosom, some, nay, much of the lost sweetness and glory of life might return to my love.

Think of this, and picture me lying on the ground that day, with the damning intelligence fresh on my mind! Think that in a few hours I must return to my home, and tell my wife that the bolt had fallen. There was no alternative!

No alternative? Stay, there is an alternative! The blood seemed to course wildly through my veins, my heart beat fiercely, my lips grew dry, and a choking sensation came over me, as for the first time the simple yet certain way of cutting the knot of my difficulties flashed across my mind. So simple, so easy it at first appeared, that I laughed at my stupidity in not having seen it at once.

Tear that accursed paper to pieces, Basil North! Scatter those pieces to the winds. Forget what you have read. Go back to your luxurious flower-bedecked home. Meet the one you love with a smile upon your face; you have forced smiles before now! Greet her as usual. Say nothing of this morning's news. Keep your own counsel; bury all you have learned in your secret heart. Do this and be happy forever more!

But the man—the man who in a few days' time is to be tried for another's act? Well, what of him? The fool will doubtless be acquitted. Fool! Yes, it is the right term for one who can bring himself under suspicion. But if justice runs on the wrong track until the end—if that man dies?

What then? What is this miserable life, what are a hundred lives, when weighed against Philippa's happiness? What is conscience? What is right and wrong? What is the phantom which men call honor? What, after all, is crime? Be silent, and forget. You are asked to do no more. You have riches, youth, health, and strong will. The fairest woman on the earth adores you. Why hesitate? Why let one boor's life weigh in the scale?

Argue the matter in another way. Are not thousands of men slain every year by the whim of a statesman? The thought of that state troubles not those who send them forth to fight. Men kill each other for revenge, for money, for a point of honor, and the killer lives on like other men live! Trust this man to the vaunted array of justice. He is innocent, and will come from the ordeal unscathed. If found guilty, let him die. He will not be the first innocent man who has died, nor will he be the last to die. It is but one life! He is nothing to you; think of him no more. Come what may, you will always have your sunny home and the woman you love. Her children will grow up around you. Why hesitate? A life's happiness is to be won by simply sealing your lips. Its cost is but, supposing justice blunders, to bear the burden of one man's death. A paltry price!

This was the temptation with which I wrestled during those long hours. Again and again I was on the point of yielding. Once or twice I rose to my feet with the fixed determination of destroying that paper, and letting things take their own course. Once or twice I even forced my steps some distance in the direction of home, but each time I turned, went back to the sheltered spot, threw myself on the ground, and fought the battle anew.

No, I could not do this thing. I was a gentleman and a man of honor. Paltry as the price was when compared with what it might buy, I could not pay it. Although my whole soul was merged in Philippa's welfare, I could not, even for her sake, suffer an innocent man to be done unjustly to death. The crime was too black, too base, too contemptible! I felt sure that, with the man's blood morally on my head, the supreme joys which life could give

would not lull my conscience to rest. I knew it would not be long before remorse and shame drove me to commit suicide.

Let the preachers say that sin is easy; that wrong is more alluring than right. There may be some sins which are easily committed, but I dare say that there are others which the average man, educated by the code of honor, and dreading shame and cowardice, finds it far easier to avoid than to bring himself to commit. No, every sin is not easy!

But all the same my struggle was a mortal one. At times I fancy—it may be but fancy—that even now my mind bears some traces of that conflict; a conflict in which my victory meant ruin to my nearest and dearest. Was I not right when I said that my temptation was an all but unparalleled one? Yet in reasserting this let me humbly disclaim all credit for not having yielded. I strove to yield, but could not.

It was only when I had conquered, and put the temptation from me, that I was able to see how utterly useless such a crime as that urged upon me would have been. Doubtless Philippa, sooner or later, would have learned that Sir Mervyn Ferrand's supposed murderer had paid the penalty of the crime. How would it have fared with us then—then, when reparation was placed out of the question? Knowing as I did every thought of my wife's, every turn of her impulsive, sensitive nature, I was fain to tell myself that such news would be simply her death-blow.

But what was to be done? Finding that I could not compass the treachery which I dared to meditate, I cast about for another loophole of escape. What if I were to return to England and accuse myself of the crime? To insure Philippa's safety, I would right willingly give away my own life. It showed the state to which my mind was reduced when I say that I considered this scheme in all its bearings, and for a while thought it furnished a solution to my difficulties! I wonder if my brain was wandering?

I laughed in bitter merriment at the absurdity of my new plan forced itself upon me. I had forgotten Philippa, and what the effect of such a sacrifice would be upon her. I had forgotten that she loved me, even as I loved her; that my dying for her sake—for the sake of saving her from the consequences of that gruesome night—would make an expiation, if any were due from her, the most fearful which human or diabolical ingenuity could devise.

No! Neither by sinning against my fellow-man nor by a voluntary sacrifice of my own life could I save her. After all my protracted mental struggles, all my lonely hours of anguish and wild scheming, I was forced to return to the point from which I started. Philippa must surrender herself, and free this innocent man. There was, indeed, no alternative!

And a day gone, or all but gone! The trial on the 20th! To reach England—to reach Tewham in time to stop that trial, we must travel day and night. Day and night across sunny or starlit Spain—across pleasant France, we must speed on, until we reached our own native land, now lying in all the rich calm of the early autumn. I must lead my wife, my love, to her doom!

I rose from the ground. I felt weary, and as if I had been engaged in every limb. I dragged myself slowly back to my home. "She must be told; she must be told. But how to tell her?" I muttered as I went along. My appearance must have been wretched; for I received the impression that several grave-looking Sevillanos turned and looked after me as I passed by. Even as a cowardly felon who drags himself slowly to the scaffold, I dragged myself to the gate of our pleasant home, and on tottering feet passed into that fragrant space in which the happiest hours

of my life had been spent.

As I entered, the remembrance of some tale which once I had read flashed through my mind—a tale of the ferocity of a bygone age. It was of a prisoner who was forced by his captors to strike a dagger into the heart of the woman he loved. I know not where the tale is found or when I read it.

But it seemed to me that mine was a parallel case. Pity me!

CHAPTER XIII.

THE LAST HOPE.

They were sitting in the courtyard, my mother and my wife. They looked the embodiment of serene happiness. Their large fans—the use of the fan came like an inspiration to Philippa, my mother acquired it after much practice—were languidly waving to and fro. Philippa's rounded arm was outstretched; her fair left hand was in the clear water which fell from the fountain and filled a white marble basin, in which the gold carp darted about in erratic tracks. She was moving her fingers gently backward and forward, starting the timid fish, and half smiling at their terror. It seemed to me, that my mother was remonstrating at the uproar she was creating in the brilliant coated republic.

That picture is still on my mind. That picture! I can sit now in my chair, lay down my pen, and call up every picture of that time. Nothing, save the grief, has ever, or ever will, fade from my memory.

It was well for both of us that I had fought out the battle with myself in solitude, where no eye could see me, where I could see no one. Even as it was, knowing what a change my news must work, I paused, and a ghost of the day's temptation rose before me. But it rose too late. The die was cast. Philippa had seen me, and my mother's eyes followed hers. I braced myself up, and went toward them with as jaunty a manner as I could assume. My mother began a mock tirade on my shameful desertion of Philippa and herself. Her words carried no meaning to my ears. My eyes met those of my wife.

With her I made no attempt at concealment. Where was the good? The worst, the very worst, had come. My eyes must have told her the truth.

I saw her sweet face catch fire with alarm. I saw her lips quiver. I saw the look of anguish flash into her eyes; yet I knew that I was helpless, utterly helpless.

She rose. I made some conventional excuse, and went to my room. In a moment Philippa was at my side.

"Basil, husband, love," she whispered, "it has come!"

I laid my head on the table and sobbed aloud. Philippa's arms were wreathed around my neck.

"Dearest, I knew it must come. I have known it ever so long. Basil, do not weep. Once more I tell you I am not worth such love as yours."

I covered her dear face with kisses. I strained her to my heart. I lavished words of love upon her. She smiled faintly, then sighed hopelessly—a sigh which almost broke my heart.

"Tell me all, my love," she said calmly. "Let me know the very worst."

I could not speak; for the life of me the words would not come. With trembling hands I drew out the newspaper, and pointed to the fatal lines. She read them with a calm which almost alarmed me. "I knew it must be," was all she said.

I threw myself on my knees before her. I embraced her. I was half distraught. Save for my wild ejaculations of undying love, there was silence for many minutes between us.

Presently with great force, she raised my head and looked at me with her sweet and sorrowful eyes. "Basil, you have been wrong. The right is right, the wrong is

wrong. See what you have done! Had you not striven to save me, only I should have had to answer for this. Now it is you and me, and perhaps a third—an innocent, stainless life, that will be wrecked."

"Spare me! Spare me!" I said. "As you love me, spare me!"

"Basil, forgive me. I should not blame you. Only I am to blame." Then, with a sudden change in her voice, "When do we start for England, Basil?"

Although I expected this question, I trembled and shuddered as I heard it. Too well I knew what England meant. It meant Philippa's standing in open court, in a prisoner's dock, the center of a gaping crowd, self-accused of the murder of her husband! And as I pictured this, once more, and for the last time, the temptation shook me.

I spoke, but I averted my eyes from hers. I could not meet them. My voice was husky and strange; it sounded like the voice of another man. A sort of undercurrent of thought ran through me, that if Philippa would but share it, I could bear any burden, any dishonor.

"Listen!" I said, in quick accents. "We are far away, safe. We love each other. We can be happy. Let the man take his chances. What does anything matter, so long as we love and are together?"

I felt that her eyes were seeking mine. I felt a change in the clasp of her hand. I knew that she was nobler and better than I.

"Basil," she said, softly, and speaking like one in a dream, "it was not my husband, not the man I love, who said that. I forgive you for the sake of your great love, for the sake of all you have done, or tried to do, for me. Tell me now when do we start for England?"

Her words brought back my sense. Never in the wildest height of my passion had I loved Philippa as I loved her at that moment. I besought her pardon. She gave it, and once more repeated her question.

With the calm of settled despair I consulted the railway guide, and found that if we left Seville tomorrow morning by the first train we might by traveling day and night, early on the morning of the twentieth reach the town in which the trial was to be held. I made the result of my researches known to my wife; and upon my assuring her that we should have time to spare, she left all the arrangements of the journey to me.

After this, another painful question arose. Was my mother to be told? Philippa, who may, perhaps, in her secret heart have craved for a woman's support and sympathy in her approaching trial at first insisted that my mother should be taken into our confidence which alas! in a few days' time would be gossip to the world. I besought her to waive the point, to spare my mother's feelings until the very last moment. We could not take her with us on our hurried journey. We were young; she was old. The fatigue, combined with the grief, would be more than her frame could endure. I could not bear to think of her waiting lonely in Seville for the bad news which she knew must come in a day or two from England. Let us say nothing respecting the wretched errand on which we are bound. Let us depart in secret, and leave some plausible explanation behind us.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

What the Hon. George G. Vest says in regard to the superiority of the Hirschberg's diamond and non changeable spectacles:

"I am using glasses which I purchased from Prof. Hirschberg and they are the best I ever tried. It affords me great pleasure to recommend Prof. Hirschberg as an excellent optician, and his glasses are simply unequalled in my experience."

G. G. VEST.

These glasses are for sale by W. G. Fount agent for Kirksville, Mo.

When a boy is 16 and hasn't anything else, he is pretty sure to have a girl.

Some Foolish People.

Allow a cough to run until it gets beyond the reach of medicine. They often say, "Oh, it will wear away," but in most cases it wears them away. Could they be induced to try the successful medicine called Kemp's Balsam, which is sold on a positive guarantee to cure, they would immediately see the excellent effect after taking the first dose. Price 50c and \$1.00. Trial size free. At all druggists.

On to Washington.

The 24th Annual Encampment of the Grand Army of the Republic, will take place at Washington City, Sept. 20th. For the occasion the Iowa Central R'y. will from Sept. 13th to 20th inclusive, sell excursion tickets to Washington City and return at very low rates. Tickets are good returning until Oct. 10th. Passengers can have the choice of several very attractive routes, via Chesapeake & Ohio R.R. through Cincinnati, Charleston, West Va., Staunton, Gordonsville, Rappahannock, Manassas, Bull Run, Fairfax, Alexandria and across the Long Bridge to Washington, via Baltimore & Ohio R.R. through Columbus or Cincinnati, Grafton, Cumberland, Martinsburg, Harper's Ferry, along the banks of the Potomac river into Washington, or via Pennsylvania Lines through Columbus, Pittsburg, Harrisburg and Baltimore to Washington.

Special trains of elegant Day Coaches and Pullman Palace Cars will be run through. Parties of twenty-five or more going together can secure special car for their own use.

For further information call on agents Iowa Central R'y. or address T. P. BARRY, Gen'l. Pass. Agt., Marshalltown, Ia.

To be slow to anger is better than to own the best kind of a seven shooter.

Itch on human and horses and all animals cured in 30 minutes by Woolford's Scurfery ointment. This never fails. Sold by B. F. Henry druggist, Kirksville, Mo.

No man can build a house without telling others a good deal about himself.

English Soavin Liniment removes all Hard, Soft or Calloused Lumps and Blemishes from horses, Blood Spavins, Curbs, Splints, Sweeney, Ring-Bone, stifles, sprains, all swollen throats, etc. Save \$50 by use of one bottle. Warranted the most wonderful Blemish cure ever known. Sold by B. F. Henry Druggist, Kirksville.

The devil never pushed a man who is willing to stand still and do nothing.

'SHILON'S CATARRH REMEDY.—A marvelous cure for catarrh, diphtheria, canker mouth, and headache. With each bottle there is an ingenious injector for the more successful treatment of these complaints without extra charge. Price 50c. Sold at Pansy Drug Store, McKean Bros.

The reason some men remain honest is because they are watched too close.

The Population of Kirksville.

Is about 4,400, and we would say at least one half are troubled with some affection of the throat and lungs, as those complaints are according to statistics, more numerous than others. We would advise all our readers not to neglect the opportunity to call on their druggist and get a bottle of Kemp's Balsam for the throat and lungs. Trial size free. Large bottles 50c. and \$1. Sold by all druggists.

A holder attached to a long double tape that may be looped around the apron band saves steps and burned fingers.

The World is Better for it.

The world is better because of such a remedy as Ballard's Snow Liniment, because this article relieves it of much pain and misery, and we are thus enabled to enjoy its brighter side. It positively cures all forms of rheumatism, neuralgia, headache, sick headache, lame back, all sores and wounds, cuts, sprains, bruises, stiff joints, contracted muscles, poison, eruptions, corns, weak back, and all pain and all inflammation on man or beast. Its best because its the most penetrating. Beware of all white liniments which may be palmed off on you for Ballard's Snow Liniment. There is none like it. Sold by Smith & Dunkin.